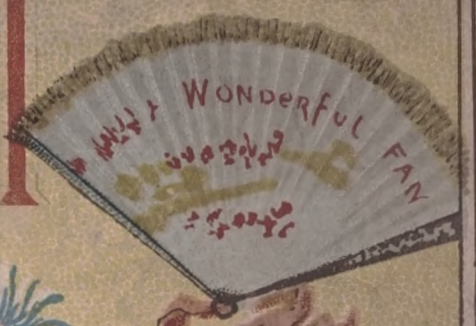
PZ
8
.B58
Wo
FT MEADE
GenColl

# Wonderful FAN



35
6 Fairy

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TINA ASLEEP.

# THE WONDERFUL FAN

By AUNT ELLA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT.
JUL. 21 1882
No. 12083 2
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
39 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

PZ8
.B58
Wo

COPYRIGHT,
1882,
BY E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PRESS OF J. J. LITTLE & CO.,
NOS. 13 TO 20 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| The Solar Wave, | 7 |
| The Frog, | 20 |
| The Sunset Land, | 24 |
| The Rose Garden, | 36 |
| The Fairy's Friends, | 47 |
| Flower Children, | 58 |
| A Magic Rose, | 70 |
| Cloud Country, | 84 |

# THE WONDERFUL FAN.

## THE SOLAR WAVE.

WHAT a warm day it was! The sun beat down till everything was baking hot out of doors, and indoors it was nearly as bad.

Tina wandered about, up-stairs and down, and finally opened the parlor door.

"This is the coolest place yet," she said. The shutters were closed, so the hot sun did not find its way in there. There was an odor of new matting and fresh flowers.

Tina picked up a fan that was lying on the table, threw herself down on the sofa, and began fanning herself.

"My, how warm I am!" she said. "I believe it's just the hottest day that ever was. Maria said you could bake bread on the roof."

She kept on fanning herself, once in a while opening and shutting the fan, which was quite a pretty one, and Tina found herself counting the slats and looking at the decorations on them, till suddenly a little face appeared, peeping at her from the center slat of the fan, and as the fan waved back and forth, the little white face seemed to be bowing and bowing.

"I wonder where that little girl came from?" thought Tina; "she wasn't here a minute ago."

"Yes, I was," said a voice, "only you didn't see me. I was folded up in the fan, and when you waved the fan, I came out with the breeze."

"That's queer," said Tina.

By this time the little face had grown larger and larger, and presently a whole little girl stood beside her.

"Isn't it warm?" said Tina.

"Not so very, in here," said the little girl; "but I will take you to a warm place;" and before Tina could say a word, she was seized by the hand,

and found herself running swiftly along. She looked up at the little girl, who grew taller and taller, and by the time they had stopped running, she was a tall young maiden.

"Come," said she, as she opened a door.

Tina went in. There was a smell of bread-baking, and just as they entered Tina saw a baker taking loaves of bread out of an oven.

"I never was in a bake-shop before like this," thought Tina. "I am glad I can see how they make bread, and bake it;" and she stood still to watch the baker.

He had a long shovel with which he was drawing the bread out of the oven; and just at that moment Tina saw him start back, and there, stepping on the shovel, was a little black imp. It grinned at the baker, and the baker stood still and stared back at it.

"Who are you?" said he. "Where did you come from?"

"I came from the oven," said the imp. "I've been in there for a week."

"No wonder he is so black," thought Tina.

"Well, where are you going?" said the baker.

"I am going to the king's palace," said the imp.

"Oho! I'd like to see you," said the baker.

"Well, see me, then," said the imp, as he jumped down and ran to the door, shouting, "Hurrah for King Caloric!"

"Come, come quickly! it is the king's son," said the maiden, seizing Tina by the hand.

Then they ran out of the door, and as they went, Tina saw the figure of the imp ahead of them grow larger and larger, until they came to an open field where the sun was shining brightly.

As soon as the first sunbeam struck the imp, he changed into a tall prince, with a golden crown on his head; but he looked thin and pale.

Presently a flock of twelve geese appeared, and one of them followed the prince, gently pulling his coat, till he turned round to look at it.

Then it ran on ahead until it came to a little brook, near to which a tree was growing.

The prince followed it, and taking off his crown, he hung it on the tree; then he lay down by the brook and went to sleep, while the goose crouched

down beside him, and the eleven other geese stayed a little distance off, none of them allowing a soul to pass them.

Tina looked around, and saw in the distance what at first she thought was a pile of very bright clouds, but, as she looked, she saw that it was a palace, that glittered as if made of sunlight.

"That is where King Caloric lives," said her companion.

Just then two men passed, going different ways. One was carrying a lamp that twinkled like a star, and the other had two or three vessels from which smoke seemed to come, as if there were fire inside.

They both looked in the direction of the sleeping prince, and one of them said to the other:

"What is heat?"

"The sensation of warmth," was the reply.

"What is caloric?"

"A subtle, invisible fluid·" and his voice died away.

"What on earth do they say 'Familiar Science' for?" said Tina.

"Hush!" said the maiden.

"The Solar Wave," said the men, looking over at the prince; and they passed on.

"This is the oddest place I ever saw," said Tina; but as she looked up at her companion, she saw that the tears were running down her cheeks, and she stooped down and kissed Tina on the forehead.

Then she said, "Keep fifty yards behind me, and you will be safe." And leaving Tina, she went toward the sleeping prince.

The geese stood aside and let her pass on.

She knelt down by the brook, and taking some water up in the hollow of her hand, she dropped a drop on each of the prince's eyelids.

He awoke with a start, and looked at her.

"It is time," she said.

He took her by the hand, and they walked off together. The geese all marched to the brink of the brook, and stood there till they were out of sight.

Tina followed them till they came to a city.

She was careful to keep fifty yards behind them.

As they went on, the streets became very narrow, the houses nearer together and crowded with

people who looked from the windows and doors, and sat in the streets outside.

As the prince and the maiden came up to them, they seemed very much afraid and distressed, and once the pair stopped, and the maiden said:

"Do not be afraid, my good people; the prince is on his way to his father's house, and he must come this way. It will only be for a little while." But as she looked at a woman holding a little sick child, she began to sob, and hurried on.

Tina could not imagine what was the matter, until she noticed that it grew warmer and warmer, and the people could hardly breathe for the heat.

After a while they came to the gates of the palace, and, for the first time, Tina saw that the prince did not have on his crown. He must have left it hanging on the tree, she thought.

As they went through the gates there was a great noise of trumpets. Everything seemed to be blazing with light and heat.

They went on from hall to hall. Just before

they were to go into the last one, some one handed the prince a harp.

He carried this with him into a large room. At the end of this room sat a king on a throne.

"Is that King Caloric?" asked Tina of the maiden, who had left the prince and was standing by her side.

"Yes," she replied. "Listen!"

The prince went up to the foot of the throne, where a seat was ready for him.

Everything was as still as could be. There were a great many persons standing about, but it was as silent as noonday, and there was the same feeling in the air.

Presently in came the twelve geese, the first one with the prince's crown on its head. They stopped some distance from the throne, and the prince began to play.

As he played, Tina saw the oven and the baker, the field and the brook, the narrow streets, and everything.

Everyone looked very grave, and the king listened. It seemed as if the prince were telling all that had happened, and yet he was only playing on his harp.

"It will do. It is not so bad," said the king, when he had finished.

"It is all my good Breeze," said the prince; "but for her, there would have been a sad tale to tell." "Where is she?" asked the king.

There was a little rustle, and Tina saw the maiden glide forward and stand by the prince.

"Go, my children," said the king; "the world will be glad to see you together, and I hope your dear Breeze will grow stronger, for the world's sake," he said to the prince. "I see now that it would not do to part you."

Then there was a sound of rushing wings. Tina felt a cool air blowing on her face; the palace, the prince, and all seemed to melt away, and she was looking around the parlor to find that a shutter on the shady side of the room had blown open, and

quite a breeze was blowing. She picked up the

fan, but the little girl's face was gone, and it looked just as it did before.

## THE FROG.

She commenced fanning herself again, still wondering about the prince and King Caloric, and looking at the fan, in hopes the little face would appear again.

And in a few moments something did seem to be coming out on another slat; and as Tina looked, she saw it was a face, but not the same one she had seen before.

This one was laughing, and the more it laughed the wider the mouth became, and the broader the face.

"That is the funniest looking thing I ever saw," thought Tina, as she watched it.

The face grew and grew, and in a few minutes a body appeared; that, too, swelled and swelled.

"It looks like a frog," said Tina, and just as

5
3

she said this, hop went the figure into the middle of the floor.

"It is a frog," said Tina; and sure enough, there it stood on its hind legs.

"Well, I never," said Tina.

"Knee-deep," said the frog.

"What did you say?" asked Tina.

"Bottle o' rum," said the frog.

"That's funny talk," she said; and as she spoke the frog went hopping out of the door, and the first thing she knew, she was hopping after him.

"I believe I'm a frog, too," she thought.

They went hopping along, till they came to a marshy stream.

The frog sat down, and said, "Knee-deep!" when up hopped another frog and almost knocked Tina over.

It laid its hand on its stomach, and began to sing:

"Come, come, come,
Come to the marsh so green,

Where reeds and rushes grow,
And turtles gay are seen."

The big frog pointed to Tina, and, making one leap, jumped into the water. The other frog jumped in after him, and Tina was left alone.

In a few moments the big frog came up to the surface and began to sing, in a hoarse voice :

"Down, down, down,
Down in the water cold,
Down in the water clear ;
Here is my hand, take hold,
Come, come with me, my dear."

"Oh ! I don't want to go," said Tina. "I don't like to be a frog."

"But you must," said the frog ; and he reached up his hand and drew her down, "plump" into the water.

But just as she was going, she found it wasn't the water at all, that she had only rolled off the sofa. So she got up and began to fan again.

## THE SUNSET LAND.

"How stupid of me to roll off the sofa," said Tina.

"Anyhow, I am glad I am not a frog. I do think this is the strangest fan I ever saw. I wouldn't be surprised to see anything come out of it."

The fan wafted a soft breeze back and forth, and Tina forgot to look for the little faces on it, she was so comfortable, till she heard a voice say:

"Come, go into the woods with me."

"Who's that?" said Tina, looking at the fan.

"It is I," said the voice. "Don't you see me? I won't come out, unless you say you will go to the woods with me."

"All right, I will go," said Tina; "if we don't have to go through the sun—it is so hot."

"It will be pleasant, where we are going," said the voice; and then Tina saw a little boy's face appear on the fan.

He was a very pretty little boy, and as he said "Come," Tina put down the fan, and there was the boy standing by her side.

He took her by the hand, and suddenly she found herself with him on a broad terrace, in front of a beautiful house.

"How did we get here?" said Tina. "This isn't my home."

"No, but it is one of mine;" said the little boy.

Tina looked about her, as they walked down the steps of the marble terrace, and saw a lovely scene spread out before her.

All about were vases of flowers, and clumps of shrubbery. At the foot of the steps there was a garden with sparkling fountains, shady walks, statues peeping out here and there, and beyond a dense forest.

The air was mild, and everything looked well-

cared for, but not a creature was to be seen ; and it was as still as could be.

They went on toward the forest, and as they entered it, Tina saw flowers everywhere.

"Do let us get some," she said.

"Very well," said the boy. "I will get you a basket ;" and, turning a little out of the path, he went to a tree, and Tina saw that from every limb baskets were hanging, as if they grew there.

He came back with one for Tina, and as she thanked him, she said : "You haven't told me your name."

"My name," said he, "is Sunny Summer."

"What a queer name!" said Tina, "but I rather like it."

They went on, and Tina filled her basket with blossoms. They were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

Sunny climbed trees for her, and helped her find the finest colors.

Soon they came to a bridge.

"Take off your hat, and throw it in," said Sunny.

"In the water?" said Tina. "What for?"

"You cannot go over, unless you do," said he.

So Tina took off her hat, and threw it in the water. Sunny did the same with his, and they went bareheaded over the bridge.

"Now we can go to the Sunset Land," said he; "but we couldn't have gone in our old hats, for we never would have reached there alive. We will get new ones directly."

As they reached the other side of the bridge, Sunny went to a big hollow tree, and tapped on the bark, saying:

"Sun, Sun, Sun,
The day is not done,
What have you for me,
A bonnet or none?"

And at once a hand appeared, holding out a pink sunbonnet.

Sunny took it, and gave it to Tina. She put it on, and they

went along a little further till they came to another hollow tree. Sunny tapped again on that, saying:

"Sun, Sun, Sun,
The day is not done;
What have you for two,
A hat old or new?"

And a hand appeared with a hat in it.

Sunny put it on, and they went on till they came to the foot of a hill.

Here they sat down and arranged the flowers.

"Must we go up that steep hill?" said Tina.

"Yes," said Sunny; "we shall see the Sunset Land from the top of it. We had better start now, or we will not get there."

So he put his arm around Tina, and they trudged up the hill. When they reached the top, he pointed to the sky, where the sun was going down.

"There is the Sunset Land!" said he—"the beautiful Sunset Land! See the rivers, and temples and the people in their rose-colored robes."

"I never knew it was really a place," said Tina; "but now I see that it is. How beautiful the gold is, and the purple. Let us hurry; I want to see it nearer."

So they started down hill, and the Sunset Land faded from their sight as they went on.

It grew chilly, and they came to another forest. This seemed full of life. There were whiskings to and fro, chatterings up in the trees, rustlings among the branches, and now and then Tina heard a laugh.

Tina clung close to Sunny, and said, "I am afraid."

"Oh, you needn't be," he said. "You mustn't be afraid of anything you see, for you are perfectly safe now that you have your sunbonnet on; as soon as they see that, they will know who you are."

Just then two beasts came dashing along. The first was a deer, and after it came a wolf, while another started up from among some bushes. They

all rushed along, but the deer was ahead; and in a moment all three were out of sight.

"What is the matter?" asked Tina.

"They are in a hurry to get to Sunset Land before the sun goes down. The deer has despatches for China, and the wolf wants to get them away from him, so they won't go off," said Sunny.

"Politics, I suppose," said Tina.

"Yes," said he.

"I haven't the least idea what politics are," said Tina, "but it sounds something like that, when papa talks to Mr. Wright, and mamma says it is politics."

Presently they saw, not far off, what at first looked like the stump of a tree; but, on coming up to it, Tina saw it was an old woman, all huddled up. She had a quantity of leaves spread out before her, and she was saying, over and over:

"Turn to red and turn to gold,
Though we're young, we must be old."

"What is she doing?" whispered Tina.

"Getting the leaves ready to turn," said Sunny.

"I know what that means. It means I must be going."

Tina couldn't imagine what he meant, but she followed him.

"I am getting very tired," she said. "When will we get to Sunset Land?"

"It will not be long, now," said Sunny. "We will see the sentinel soon."

"I don't believe I can go any further," said Tina, "unless I rest."

"Just a few moments," said Sunny, kindly. "When we come in sight of the sentinel, we will be all right, and can rest as long as we want to."

They walked a few yards, and in among the bushes Tina spied a man standing.

"There he is," said Sunny, and he sat down under a large tree.

Tina threw herself down beside him, and he

drew her head down on his lap; she took hold of his hand, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

## THE ROSE GARDEN.

TINA thought she had slept some time when she heard a voice singing:

"I must go, I must go,
To the Sunset Land;
Where the golden rivers
Roll on golden sand;
And the purple mountains,
With their peaks so bright,
Tower up by mansions
Built of clouds of light.
Sleep, Tina, sleep,
The rivers are deep!
I'll away,
I'll not stay!
Fare you well!

"Fare you well! Fare you well!
I must go, 'tis late;
And I see opened wide,
The sunlit gate
Of that beautiful land,
Where the cloud shapes stand,
With their robes wind-blown,
When the sun goes down.
Dream, Tina, dreams
Of those golden gleams.
Think of me,
When you see
The Sunset Land.

But it was some time before she could wake up at all, and then she saw that the little boy had gone, and she was lying with the fan in her hand.

"I don't remember having this with me," she said; "but I suppose I must have taken it, or it wouldn't be here. I wonder where Sunny has gone; it is too bad I couldn't get to the Sunset Land after all. That must have been he singing

to me. But how this fan came here is a mystery to me. There is another face, of course. I knew it. I wonder how this is going to turn out? It looks like a girl, but I'm not so sure that it is. It has a ruffle around its neck—no it isn't a ruffle. I believe it has wings."

The wings fluttered, and something flew out.

"Why, you're a butterfly," said Tina.

"I know it," said the creature. "You might as well say to a horse, you're a horse. Everybody knows I am a butterfly. I don't see anything so very peculiar in my being a butterfly."

"Well, you needn't be so snappish," said Tina. "I didn't suppose you were going to take my head off. I'm sorry I spoke."

"Oh, well, come along," said the butterfly; and Tina was amazed at finding herself flying through the air after the butterfly.

"I should like to know what I am," she thought; "but I don't dare ask any questions—the butterfly has such an unpleasant manner."

Giacomelli

They went flying along, and presently Tina heard the rushing of wings behind, and she saw they were joined by four birds; one of them flew close by Tina. "I wonder if I am a bird?" thought she. "I believe I will ask. Am I a bird?" she said.

"What a question!" answered the bird; "as if you didn't know. How could you fly, if you were not a bird?"

"I might be a butterfly," said Tina.

"So you might," said the bird. "I never thought of that; but you are not, all the same."

"Then, I suppose I must be a bird," thought Tina. "I am glad I know."

It was delightful to go skimming along through the air, and Tina came to the conclusion that to be a bird was better than to be a little girl.

"Where are we going?" she asked the bird, who was flying by her side.

"No one but the butterfly knows," said the bird.

Pretty soon they came to a forest. "I can go no further with you," said the butterfly. "I must go find the rose before its petals drop. If you reach the snow in time, turn around and come back! I will be there."

Then it flew away, and Tina and the other birds went on into the forest. As they went on, they heard sounds of distress, and they saw among the branches of a tree two birds whose nest had been overturned, and the eggs broken. They all gathered around, and asked the pair what had happened.

"He has been here," said they, chirping pitifully.

"Come with us," said the birds. "We are going to the North Country, and we can find him. After that we will all be happy in the Rose Garden."

So the birds went with them, and they all rose up over the tops of the trees, and flew through the air to the north.

It grew colder and colder. Every now and then other birds would join them, when they heard where they were going; and by the time they reached the snow there was a large flock of them.

Tina wondered what they were all going to do, when they all settled down on the snow-covered ground.

There were buildings and trees about; and after a great deal of chattering, some of them flew up on the branches, and others on different places, where they all seemed to be waiting for something.

Finally, they all looked at each other, and said, "Here he comes!"

Tina looked too, and saw a strange creature coming toward them. It looked something like a cat, and something like a snake. She could not tell which it was.

At once there was a great flutter and stir among the birds, and they all flew furiously at the creature.

Tina thought it must be the one that had ruined

the eggs, as she saw the pair of birds whose nest it was, seeming very angry.

She joined the others, and they began to battle with the creature, who was so taken by surprise that it did not know what to do.

They pecked at its eyes, they beat it with their wings. At last they all flew up on a tree, and looked at Tina.

"What am I to do?" she said. "You seem to expect something of me."

"Finish it!" said they. "Finish it!" they all screamed.

"How can I?" said she.

"You know," they said. "You know best; go on."

Tina stood still for a moment, and then she picked up a little twig, and flew toward the beast.

It seemed to be greatly afraid when it saw her, and as she waved the twig before its eyes, it sank back and closed them.

There was a scream of delight from the birds,

and they all gathered around her twittering and singing.

"Now, to the Rose Garden," said they, and they flew off, with Tina in their midst.

As they went on, the air grew warm and balmy, and the perfume of flowers became stronger. Soon they saw a row of marble pillars, white as snow.

They all alighted, and the butterfly flew toward them.

"You have done well," it said to Tina. "Welcome to the Rose Garden."

Tina looked around and saw that she was in the most enchanting place. Myriads of beautiful birds flew about; butterflies of every hue darted here and there, and there were roses—roses everywhere.

It seemed like Fairy-land; and Tina thought it must be, when she saw she still had the fan, and a little fairy face was looking at her from another slat.

# THE FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

"I THOUGHT I was a bird," said Tina, "and birds don't carry fans."

"You were a bird, but you're not one now," said the fairy. "You touched the rose before its petals fell."

"When did I touch it?" said Tina.

The fairy pointed to a rosebush by which Tina was sitting, and she saw that one rose leaf lay on her lap; it had just dropped from a lovely rose that rested by her shoulder.

"And you came from the fan, too?" she said to the fairy, who picked up the rose leaf and began to fan herself with it.

"Yes," said the fairy, "I am one of the Zephyrs."

"Well, you are very pretty," said Tina.

"I know it," said the fairy. "At least most

people think so. Now, I will take you to see some friends of mine, if you would like to go," said she; "but you will not see me after we leave the Rose Garden."

"How will I know your friends, when I see them, and how can I find the way?" asked Tina.

"Oh, I will be there," said the fairy, "to tell you; only you can't see me. I will give you a book to look at before we go, and if anything should possibly happen, you have only to look in the book, and it will be all plain to you. Sit there under that tree, and I will come for you in a moment."

Tina sat down and took the book in her lap, and began to look at it.

It was a very queer book, full of pictures which, when you looked close at them, seemed not to be pictures merely, but the places themselves.

Tina was puzzling over them when the fairy came back.

They passed through the Rose Garden, all the

roses nodding to them, and the butterflies flying about their heads to the very gate.

As they passed through the gate, the fairy disappeared.

"Where are you?" asked Tina.

"I am right here beside you," said a voice.

"Go on straight ahead till you come to an open space, where you will see some gray hares feeding."

It was not long before Tina spied the hares.

"Now, where shall I go?" said she.

"Keep on to that old tree with gnarly roots."

She did so, and sat down under the tree, wondering what was coming next.

Presently up hopped four hares, and sat down in front of her.

"Well," said she.

"Well," said they.

"It is a fine day," said Tina, not knowing exactly what to say.

The hares looked at each other as much as to say, "She is very silly."

"Of course it is a fine day," said one of them. "Did you think we couldn't see?"

"No," said Tina, "I only wanted to be polite."

"Oh," said the hare, "I'm glad I know."

John Stuples

Tina put her hand in her pocket and found a piece of bread, which she thought she would give to the hares.

They hopped to her and began to quiver their noses.

"Won't you have a piece?" said she.

"What is it?" asked they.

"Only bread."

"What is that? We never saw any before."

"It is very good," she replied. "You had better try it."

One of them began to nibble it, but while he was eating he began to turn from gray to black, and at once they all hopped away.

Tina got up and followed them. "Where is the fairy, I wonder?" she said, looking around.

"Here I am," said a voice over her head.

She looked up and saw a bird, but that was all.

"Look at your book," said the voice.

Tina looked at her book and saw a path lead-

ing to a fence. A gun was leaning by the fence, and a dead hare was lying on its back near by.

"I don't think I'll go there," she said. "Need I?"

"No," said the fairy. "You can go the other way."

She turned the page of her book and saw a path leading toward a village, and as she shut the book, there was the path before her.

She turned into it, and as she walked on she heard merry voices, that seemed to come nearer and nearer. She looked to the right and left, but saw no one.

"It must be children in the village," she thought. "I will keep on. It sounds as if they were having a pretty good time."

A few yards from her she saw two squirrels sitting up, eating nuts, and when she came up to them a nut fell right on the top of her head, and she heard a little laugh somewhere above her.

She looked up, and there, in the branches of a

tree, were three or four little children gathering nuts.

"Come up," they said. "You don't know what fun it is!"

"Shall I go?" said Tina to the fairy.

"Yes," she said. "These are my friends. My father, the West Wind, is coming to-night to blow down the nuts, and the squirrels will get them all; it is their tree, anyhow."

Tina went up to the tree, and was going to climb up, when suddenly she felt herself lifted off her feet, and before she could turn around she was sitting on a limb of the tree, with three children near her.

"We have been waiting for you ever so long," said they. "What made you so late?"

"I stopped to talk to the hares," said she. "I didn't know you were waiting."

Just then a squirrel whisked by them, stopping to look over his shoulder at them, and saying, "Don't take too many."

"We won't," said they.

"I never knew squirrels and such things could talk," said Tina.

The children laughed, and said, "You must have lived in a funny place all your life, if you never heard squirrels talk."

"It was a very nice place," said Tina.

"Perhaps so," said the children. "Never mind; let us get down, and see what is in the nuts."

"Why, what is always in nuts, I suppose," said Tina.

"Oh, you don't know," said they; and they all gave a little jump, and sank lightly to the ground as if they were feathers.

They set to work to crack the nuts, and Tina was amazed to find that in every one was something different.

The first one held a delicious bon-bon; the second a tiny little horse and wagon. The horse seemed alive and trotted off by itself, no one tried to stop it. And nut after nut was cracked, each

holding something more wonderful—the strange part of it being that no amount of hard blows on the shell seemed to break what was inside.

After a while they were tired; and, taking Tina by the hand, led her to the village, through the streets to a cottage. They all went in, and the first thing she knew, Tina was lying on a soft bed, feeling, oh, so sleepy. And in a moment more she forgot everything.

## FLOWER CHILDREN.

"WAKE up! wake up!" was the first thing she heard. She raised herself on one elbow, and looked about her.

On the floor lay the fan, and staring up at her from one of the slats was a face.

"Well, I declare!" said Tina.

"Come, wake up! They are waiting for you,"

said the child, who now stood by the bed. "They are all down stairs."

Tina did not have time to say anything, but picked up the fan and followed the child down-stairs.

They went into a room full of children; most of them were sitting around the floor, and one seemed to be telling the others a story.

As Tina came in they made room for her.

"Begin the story over again, Daffodil," said they, "so Eglantine can hear it."

"My name isn't Eglantine," said Tina.

"Oh, yes, it is," said they. "That's why you are called Tina."

"But I don't know your names," said Tina.

"Well, we'll tell you," said they, "before we begin the story. Here are Violet, and Rose, and Lily; Hyacinth, Johnny-jump-up, and Sweet William; and Daffodil is going to tell us about little Snowdrop."

Daffodil had lovely long, yellow hair. Violet

was dressed in blue, Rose in pink, and Lily in white. Hyacinth's clothes were of different colors. Johnny-jump-up was a pretty little fellow in purple velvet jacket, and Sweet William wore dark red.

"And what is your name?" said Tina to the child who had awaked her.

"Four-o'-clock," said she, spreading out her red and white striped frock. "That is why they sent me up to call you."

Shy little Violet nestled up to Daffodil, Rose stood near her, tall Lily sat opposite, and Four-o'-clock sat down by Hyacinth. Tiny knelt down between Rose and Sweet William, and Johny-jump-up stood behind Daffodil.

"One day," began Daffodil, "very early in the spring, I chanced to be out for the first time. It was quite cold; the snow was on the ground, and I began to wish I had stayed in a while longer. I looked about for some one to speak to, for I felt lonely. I thought perhaps Hyacinth might be out, but he wasn't; and I knew it was too soon for

little Violet. I sat for some time looking about, then I jumped down, and thought I would take a walk.

"I went along through the snow. Oh, it was so cold! I was really glad that every one was indoors. Pretty soon I saw a little heap over in the corner where the snow-drops live. I went over there and brushed aside the snow, and there was a dear little baby snow-drop. She was asleep, and I was sorry I had brushed off her cover, for I knew the frost would nip her, she was so young.

"I couldn't cover her up again very well, so I picked her up in my arms and brought her to a sunny spot. As soon as she was warmed through, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"She stayed near me all that day, and was so much company. But it was so cold that night that she couldn't stand it; so she was taken home before I was, and when I got here she was waiting for me.

"How glad I was to see her, for none of you

had come there, you know. But there is Bluebell ringing for us. We must run to the school-room."

They all got up and ran out, taking Tina with them.

"We only have to go to look over our lessons for to-morrow," said Four-o'-clock, putting her arm around Tina. "It will only be for half an hour."

Tina went with them into a large school-room, and saw that there were different classes for them all, though they all seemed to learn pretty much the same thing.

After a while Bluebell rang again, and they all stood up waiting for their teachers, and in they came.

There was Miss Sunshine, Miss Wind, and Miss Rain. They all gathered around Miss Sunshine, and some of them went out with her; but two or three stayed behind to have their lessons explained by Miss Wind and Miss Rain.

"Where is Snow-drop?" said Tina. "I have not seen her."

"She is so little and delicate she doesn't often come to school. She is with Eolus, Miss Wind's brother; he is so fond of music, and Snow-drop loves to hear him play."

They passed along through the garden, and everywhere Miss Sunshine went it looked brighter. She smiled down on Tina, and Tina blushed with pleasure.

They went on into the house, and came to a curtained doorway. As they drew near, Tina heard music that sounded like the wind blowing over harp-strings. It had a wild, sweet, wailing sound, that almost made Tina cry. She pushed aside the curtain and went into the room. A boy was playing on a violoncello, and on the floor sat the dearest little child, all in white.

"That must be Snow-drop," thought Tina, "and she does look like one."

"What are you playing?" she asked the boy.

"Don't you hear?" he replied. "It is the Wind's Song."

"I knew it sounded like the wind," said Tina.

"Sit down and listen," said he.

Tina sat down, and it seemed to her that the wind was speaking, and this was what it said:

"Up and away, where the leaves are at play,
Or where on the rocks the waves dash their spray;
Sending wild clouds scudding fast through the sky,
Sweeping along o'er the whole earth go I.
Whe-e-e-e-ew!

"Up and away; ever on, ever on,
Strewing my tokens wherever I've gone;
Whirling, and driving, and hurrying by,
O'er hill-top, through valley, forever go I.
Whe-e-e-e-ew!

"Up and away, with a blast and a swoop,
All round the house, with a howl and a whoop;
Singing my wild song, now low, now high,
Through key-holes, down chimneys, round corners go I.
Whe-e-e-e-ew!"

"How do you like it?" said Eolus.

"Very much," Tina replied. "Won't you please play something else?"

He did so; and all the time he was playing Tina thought of trickling water, lovely flowers, and moonlight.

"That was lovely," she said, sighing, when he had finished.

"I think so, too," said Snow-drop. "Come, take me to the dear Sunshine. I am tired."

"You look pale," said Tina; and taking her by the hand, she led her out doors. The others were running hither and thither, their bright dresses making them look like bunches of flowers at a little distance.

"Come play," they called to Tina; and she ran to join them, leaving Snow-drop with Miss Sunshine.

"Let us play the 'Wreath,'" they said.

"What is that?" said Tina.

"Oh, you will see;" and in another moment they were formed into a long chain.

"Now, go see how we look," they said to Tina.

She ran off a little way, and saw that they looked like a wreath of flowers.

While she was looking, they all gathered around Lily, and there was a big bouquet, with Lily in the middle.

"I don't see how they do it," thought Tina.

"Now we are going to hide," said they, "and you must find us;" and in another moment they were gone.

Tina looked all around for them, but not one was to be seen. Instead, the garden was full of blooming flowers.

As she passed by the different ones, they all seemed to look knowingly at her.

She ran about till she was quite warm and tired. She stopped by a rosebush, and began to fan herself with a big leaf; and what was her surprise to find, while she was fanning, it turned into the same fan she had used so often before.

## A MAGIC ROSE.

"WELL, here you are again," she said. "You must have wings. I don't see how else you could get about as you do. I really am tired of you;" and, giving the fan a fling, she threw it over the wall.

"Ha! ha! You can't get rid of me that way," said some one. "You'll have to give me a rose now."

"Who on earth is that?" said Tina. And a little girl appeared on the other side of the wall.

"I suppose you came out of the fan?" said Tina.

"Of course," said she. "You had no business to throw the fan away; and now you will have to give me a rose for it."

Tina turned and took a rose from the bush by her side. "What are you going to do with it?" she said.

"You will see," she said.

"That's what they all say," said Tina; "and I should think I did see."

The little girl laughed, and said: "I had better not tell you what is coming, but you have been with the Flower Children long enough;" and saying this, she touched Tina with the rose, and in another moment she was on the other side of the wall.

The ground was rough and stony, and hard to walk upon.

"This isn't a bit nice," said she. "You might have taken a better path."

"You can't expect to have things always pleasant," said the little girl. "Remember, this is where you threw the fan."

Tina was silent, and went on stumbling over the rocks.

They soon came to a muddy ditch; the little girl sprang over it, and stood on the other side waiting for Tina; but although she tried and tried, she could not get over it.

"What am I to do?" she said.

"Say you are sorry you threw the fan over the wall," said the little girl.

"I am sorry," said Tina.

The little girl leaned over and touched her with the rose, and at once she was on the other side.

They went on, picking their way through the mud, till they came to a large hole in the side of a hill. There was a heavy stone rolled up in front of it.

The little girl took the rose, and lightly tapped with it, saying :

" Kitty-cat ! Kitty-cat !
Some one is here ;
Two times, or three times,
You need have no fear."

The heavy stone was rolled away, and they went into what seemed a long, winding passage. It grew darker and darker as they went on.

" Take care," said the little girl. " Here are some steps."

They went down two or three steps, and came to a big stone door.

The little girl touched it two or three times with the rose, saying :

" Kitty-cat ! Kitty-cat !
Open the door ;
Two knocks, or three knocks,
Have brought you before."

The door swung open, and they stepped into a large room, or rather hall.

On a big rug, in front of a door, lay a large dog, with two or three kittens crawling over him.

"Is Kitty-cat ready for us?" asked the little girl.

"Yes," said the big dog, in a gruff voice. "She has just taken her nap."

"Can we go in?" said she.

"Knock, and see," was the reply.

The little girl knocked with the rose, and said:

"Kitty-cat! Kitty-cat!
Are you at home?
Open the door, please,
And see who has come."

The door slowly opened—they went in. It closed after them, and Tina saw that they were in a large room. There seemed to be no one there at first; but, on looking around, she saw a large Maltese cat, sitting on a velvet cushion in front of

the fire. She had a gold crown on her head, and around her neck a fine collar embroidered with pearls.

The two girls went softly up to her. She waved her paw toward a lounge on one side, and they sat down.

For some time nothing was said, and they all sat looking at the fire.

Then the cat turned her green eyes toward Tina, and said, "So you couldn't get over the ditch?"

"How do you know?" said she.

"How do I know anything?" said the cat. "Look in the fire."

Tina looked, and saw the most wonderful sights, just as if they were really there. All that had just passed was plainly before her. She even saw herself standing by the ditch, and waiting to have the stone doors opened.

"This is very strange," she thought. Just then the cat got up, stretched herself, and walked over

to where Tina was sitting. She jumped up on the lounge and put her paw in Tina's lap.

Tina looked around for the little girl, but she was gone, and only the rose was lying where she had been sitting.

Tina picked up the rose, but the cat took it from her, saying, "You must not have that till you go. Now it is time for me to take another nap; so you can go to your room." And, holding the rose in her paw, she gave Tina a tap with it, and she at once found that she was in her own room at home.

"Well, I am glad to get back," she said. "I wonder if everything is all right?"

She looked about her for her toys. She only saw a few of them, and at the same time she heard something scratching and growling over by the window. She ran quickly to see, and there found a black cat wound up in her favorite toys, kicking and scratching, and making a great fuss.

"Oh, dear!" she began to cry, "you have

ruined my things, you nasty, mean cat!" The cat sat up on its hind legs, every hair bristling.

"Don't you call me that!" it said. "What did you do to the fan? Remember where you are."

"I am in my own room," said Tina.

"Oh, you think so," said the cat. "Well, perhaps you will find out you are mistaken. It is my room, I'll have you to know."

"It isn't," said Tina.

"It is," said the cat.

"I am going to tell my mamma," sobbed Tina; and she ran to the door.

But the cat was there before her, and began waltzing around on its hind legs, crying, "Where is the rose? How are you going to get out without the rose?"

And Tina found she could not get by the cat. She made a rush at it and gave it a knock. Instantly the room was full of cats. They snarled and glared at Tina, so that she was frightened nearly to death.

She began to wring her hands and look for some way to get out, but the cats were all around her.

In the midst of the noise and fuss, in came the cat with the crown and collar. Two little white kittens were holding up her tail; and another one held a silver waiter, with the rose lying on it. A large black cat brought up the rear with the velvet cushion.

"What is the matter?" asked the queen cat.

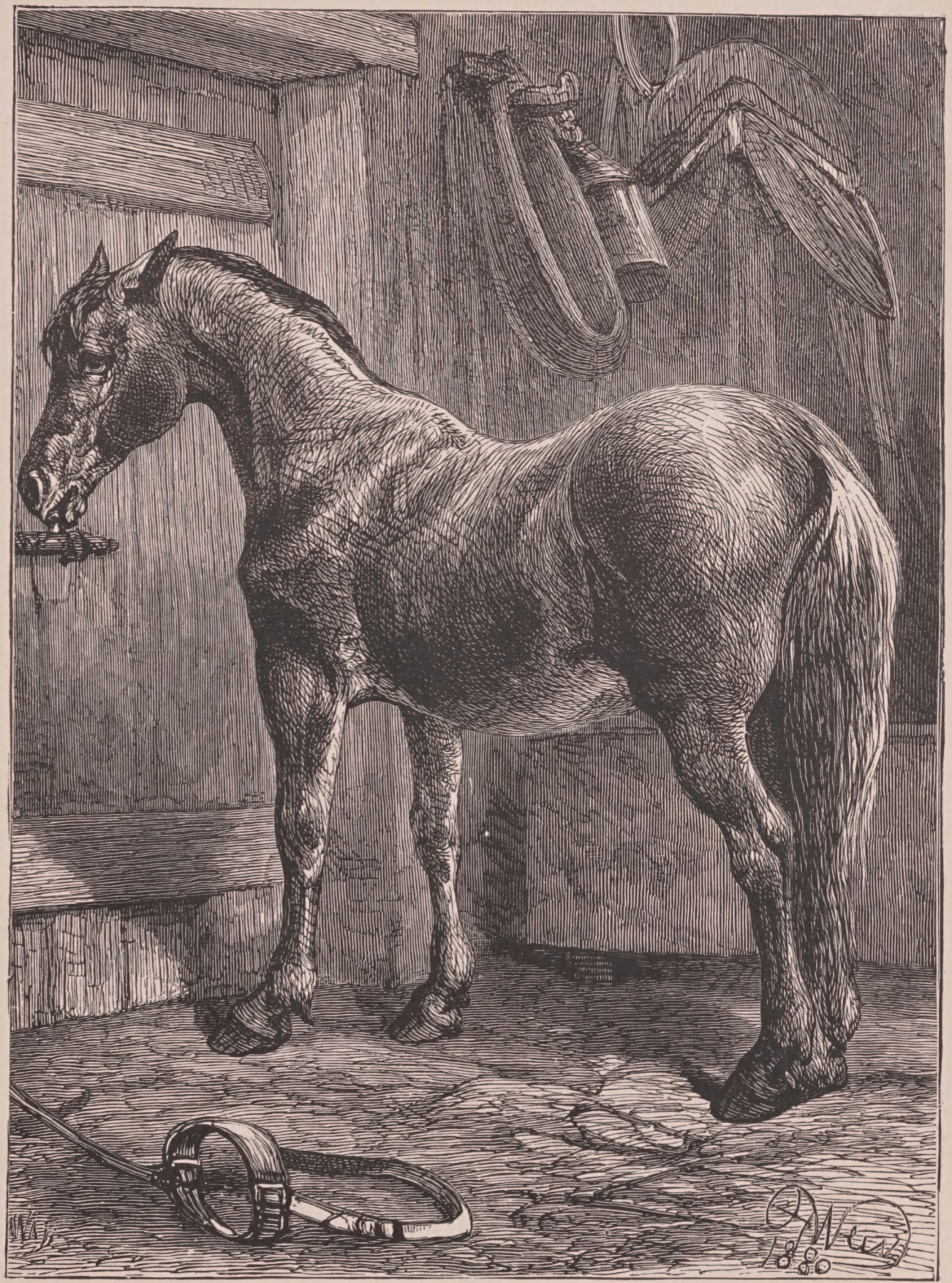
Then all the cats began to point at Tina, and to talk at once.

She stood there crying, hardly knowing what to do, when a thought struck her, and she ran forward and snatched the rose from the silver waiter.

In an instant she was standing outside of the stone castle.

"Now, where am I to go?" said she. "I would like to get away from here as fast as I can. I am afraid the cats will come after me."

She looked around, and saw a stable. "I won-



der if there is a horse in there?" she said. "I might get on his back, if there is, and get away."

She went up to the door, and touched it with the rose, but it did not open.

"Oh, dear! if I could only think of something to say," she said.

She stood there looking at the rose, and lifted it to her lips without thinking. As soon as she had done it, she found herself saying:

"Horse, horse, open the door,
I never wished you so much before.
Take me away,
Horsey, I pray,
Horse, horse, open the door!"

The door flew open, and there stood a horse. Tina climbed up on his back, touched him with the rose, and he trotted out. The door swung to, and they set off down the road.

"How glad I am to get out of there, and yet I thought I was in my own room," said Tina.

"I wonder where the horse will take me?"

The horse pricked up his ears and jogged along in a very sleepy sort of a way, and Tina began to get sleepy too.

She felt herself nodding, nodding, when all at once the horse kicked up his heels, and over Tina went, right into a snow-bank.

She sat up rubbing her eyes, and looked around for the horse, but he was nowhere in sight. The rose too was gone, but there by her side was the fan.

## CLOUD COUNTRY.

"You must have dropped from the clouds," said Tina.

"So I did."

"Who is I?"

"Look up, and you will see."

Tina looked up, and saw nothing but a little

white cloud floating along. It came nearer and nearer, and a voice said "Come!"

Tina got up and ran along the road following the little cloud, which seemed to be a few yards ahead of her.

They presently came to the edge of a wood. The cloud suddenly disappeared, and Tina followed a path that led into the wood. The snow had all disappeared, and she saw ahead of her a little spring bubbling out of a rock, and gurgling along till it ran off a little happy brook.

When she reached the spring she saw, seated on a rock near by, a beautiful little creature in soft fleecy white, that floated about her like a cloud. She wore a scarf that looked like a rainbow; stars twinkled in her hair, and in her hands she held a bow like a new moon.

"You certainly must have come from the clouds," said Tina, "for I never saw anything like you before."

"Yes," said she, "I did come from Cloud

Country, and I am going to take you back with me. I am one of the little clouds, and my name is 'Fleecy.'"

"I shall like to go with you," said Tina. "You are so lovely."

Fleecy smiled, and, tying one end of her scarf around Tina's waist, she kissed her cheek, and they rose up in the air.

It was delightful.

Tina felt herself wafted along, and felt as if she could float that way forever.

Up, up they went, till trees looked like bushes, and people like ants, and then they entered the gates of Cloud Country.

These were of pure white; and what a beautiful sight Tina saw as they went in, and the gates rolled together.

Stretching to one side was a wide sea, as blue as blue could be, the shores stretching out of sight. Great rocks towered up all around.

On the other side rose up a gleaming palace.

The doors were hung with purple and rose color, and, as the curtains swayed, you caught sight of the dazzling splendor inside.

Over the palace a rainbow arched and dipped

down into the sea, where little white ships were sailing about.

Fleecy took Tina to the shore of the sea, and

she saw on the rocks several children looking out on the water.

"What are they there for?" asked Tina.

"They are stars," said Fleecy, "and they are waiting till it is time for them to come out."

"They don't look like stars," said Tina. "They just look like any children. I thought stars must be very beautiful."

"Some of them are," said Fleecy, "but these are quite ordinary. Those that attend the moon are very beautiful."

"Where is the moon?" said Tina.

"She is in the palace," said Fleecy. "She will come out soon, then you can see her. Maybe she will let you go with her to-night, as you are a stranger here."

"What shall we do now?" asked Tina.

"Oh, we can slide down the rainbow, or rock in one of the hammocks, or go sailing on the water."

"I am almost afraid to slide down the rainbow; it goes right into the water."

"Yes, but you go right through that; it won't hurt you. When we are in a hurry we go down to earth that way."

"I think I would rather rock in a hammock."

"Very well; come with me."

She took Tina farther away from the sea, and in another moment she was lying on the softest, rosiest cloud, with Fleecy by her side.

"When will the moon be out?" said she. "Isn't it nearly time?"

"Yes," said Fleecy. "I see the lights over in the palace now. They are bringing out the chariot."

"We had better go," she said to Tina, and they got out of the hammock, and went and stood by the palace steps.

Very soon there was a rustle. It grew lighter and lighter. Down the steps came first a beautiful maiden bearing a lighted taper, that shone with the fairest, purest light.

"That is Venus," whispered Fleecy. "She is

the Evening Star now, and goes ahead of the queen."

Then came a procession of other stars, and next them the queen herself.

"How fair and lovely she is!" said Tina.

She wore a dress of spun silver, and a crown of diamonds on her head.

As she passed along, Tina saw quantities of figures on each side the steps, a long procession of them that extended to the sea.

"Those are clouds," whispered Fleecy, quietly. "Stay here. I must go and take my place among them."

Tina stood at the foot of the steps. As the queen passed along, the crowd made way, and she went through them until she came to Tina.

She stopped and looked at her.

"You are an earth child," she said. "You shall go with me in my chariot." And, taking her by the hand, she led her to a silver chariot that was waiting just beyond.

Taking the taper from Venus, the queen got in, and motioned Tina to follow.

She did so, and they rolled along toward the sea, the crowd scattering as they passed.

The chariot seemed to have no wheels, and when they reached the blue water, it slipped in and sailed along as easily as a boat.

Tina looked over, and saw that she could look through the water as easily as if there were nothing there.

The whole earth lay quiet before her. She looked down and saw a maiden standing at a window, looking out.

"She is unhappy," said the queen; "and yet I think she will be glad to see me." And she turned her face toward the windows where the maiden stood.

She turned and looked up at them, and a faint smile came over her face.

It was so still, that Tina heard her say distinctly, "Oh, fair moon, you have driven away the clouds from the sky. Perhaps there may come some bright hope to drive away the clouds from my life."

They went sailing on over the blue sea, till they came to land again. They passed by huge masses of gray rocks, and Tina saw ahead of them a pale pink light.

"The sun is coming," said the moon. "We must hurry home, or I will have to put out my light."

They soon came in sight of the gleaming palace. Fleecy came to meet them, and the queen went in and left them.

"Now," said Fleecy, "we will go sailing on the water; and when you get tired, you can just slide down the rainbow to earth again."

A quantity of little white ships were sailing about. One floated up to them. They got in, and sailed along with the rest.

In every ship there was a little cloud. They all smiled at Tina—sometimes sailing right along by the ship she was in. They were all such happy little clouds.

"Do you always have such a good time?" asked Tina of Fleecy.

"No; sometimes the storms come," she said, "and they hurry us along, and whirl us about till we hardly know which way to go, and fly as hard as we can to get out of their way."

Just then thunder was heard in the distance, and Tina began to get frightened. "Oh, I wish I were at home!" she said.

She looked over the side of the ship, and saw that they were directly over a lake on the earth.

There was a little boat on it, with some people in it. One end of the rainbow seemed to go down directly into the lake, and the people were looking at it.

"I will go right into the water," she said.

"Oh, no you won't," said Fleecy. "I will watch to see that you get down safely."

Patter, patter, came big drops of rain.

The little ship sailed up to the rainbow, and Tina got on it, holding on with both hands.

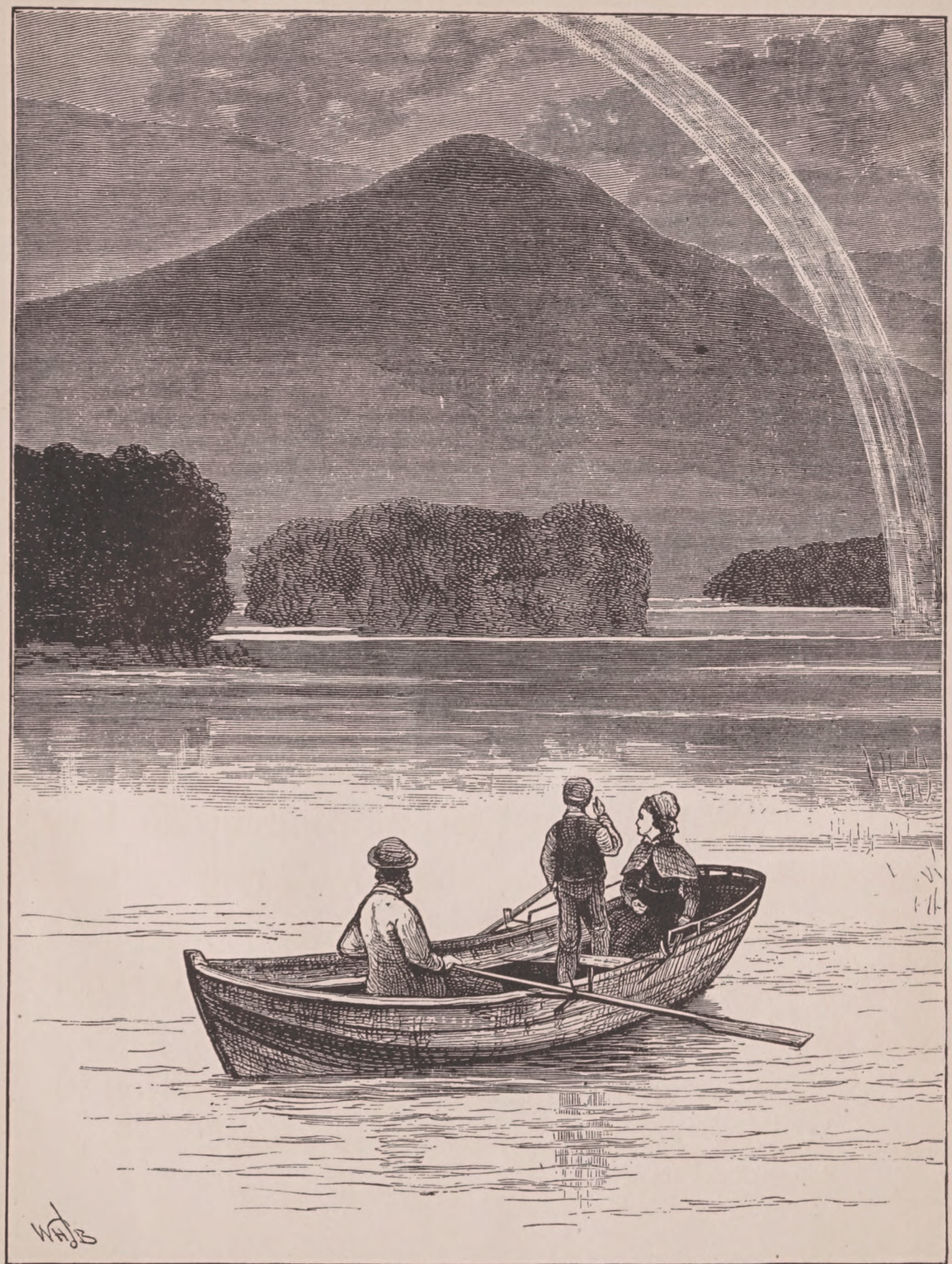
"Good-bye," called Fleecy.

"Good-bye," she answered; and down she went through the blue sea. Down—down, so swiftly!

She looked back at Fleecy sitting in the boat, and held on as hard as she could, hoping to be saved from the cold water.

Down she went, and she shut her eyes hard and knew she was lost.

Now how sorry she was that she had left the boat, and trusted herself to the rainbow.



"Oh, I shall be drowned!" she cried; and she clung to the rainbow with all her might, but it felt hard, like wood. She rubbed her eyes, looked around, and saw that she was lying on the sofa, in her own parlor at home, holding fast to the fan, surprised to find that a heavy gust had come up, and it was raining hard.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00024533955

# E. P. DUTTON & CO

NEW AND BEAUTIF

# ILLUSTRATED

FOR

# THE LITTLE ONES,

Bound in bright and attractive Chromo-Lithograph Board Covers. Large Quarto size.

*NEW PICTURES.* *NEW STORIES.*

## AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

All Around a Christmas Tree.
Winter Snow, Summer Sunshine.
Happy Times, Pictures and Rhymes.
Oh! So Pretty.
Little Baby Buds.
Nursery Sunshine and Prattle.

## AT FIFTY CENTS EACH.

At the Seaside.
The Wonderful Fan.
On the Lawn.

## AT SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

My Christmas Album.
For Mamma's Darling.

## AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Eight Happy Holidays.
Daisies and Raindrops.

## AT ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

Sunday, 1882.
Little Ones at Play.
The Captain's Children.
Aunt Sophy's Boys and Girls.
The Little Brown House.
Frisk and his Flock.
A Houseful of Children.
Pussy Tiptoes Family.

## AT ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, . . . . . By Olive Thorne Miller.
Queer Pets at Marcy's, . . . . . By Olive Thorne Miller.

*** Ask Your Bookseller for Dutton's Books for Children.

*Any Book on this List sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY,

39 West Twenty-Third Street, NEW YORK.